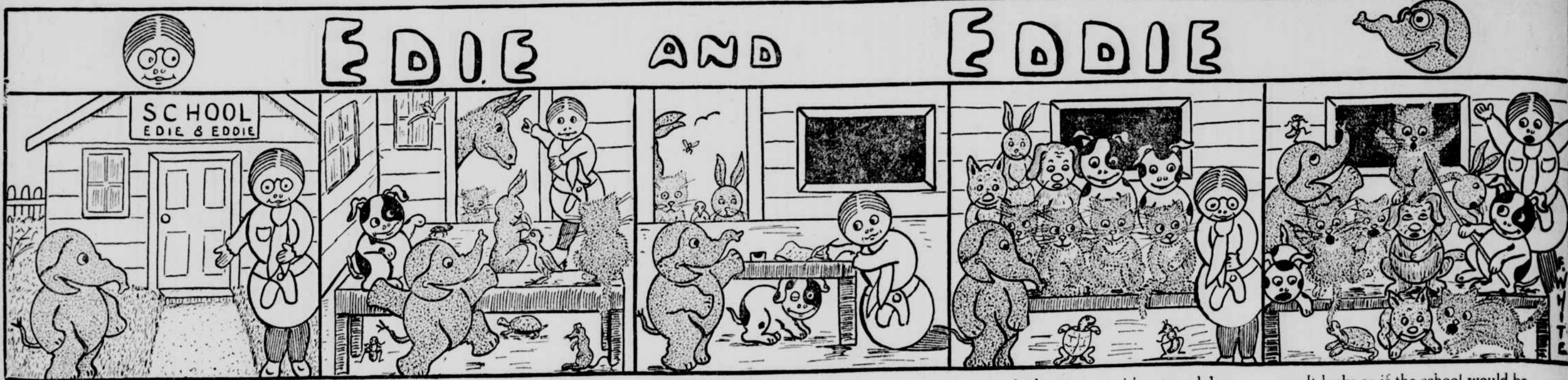


THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Edie and her elephant
Have tried to organize
A school for almost any one
Of reasonable size.

Of course, they found some applicants
Too large or else too small;
And, anyway, they had no room—
Or patience—for them all.

And so they had a conference
And figured out, some way,
The ones that should not come at all
And those that ought to stay.

And, as you see, it's cats and dogs
On which the school depends,
Together with a very few
Persistent odds and ends.

It looks as if the school would be
A very great success,
Although the conduct and the noise
Might be improved, I guess.

CANDYTOWN STORIES

A Bold, Brave Violet, Ventures Away From Home With Candy Cherry.

offer them to the Candy children and so get acquainted. The very next morning she was able to do this. The Candies came out again to pick strawberries, and it was not long before Candy Cherry, a fat Candy boy, with bright red cheeks, said he wanted a drink. Viola, who was near, instead of hiding behind her leaves, as she would have done if she had been like the rest of the Violets, actually stood on tiptoe and waved to him. "Come here," she called. "I have some dewdrops all ready for you."

Candy Cherry looked around, much surprised, but, seeing Viola holding out the pail of dewdrops enticingly, went over and took a drink. "You are very kind," he said. "Can't I do something for you in return?"

Viola looked all around to see that the other Violets were not observ-



"I do wish," she said, "that I could run around and play."

pale you frighten me, and your petals are all curling up."

"I'm afraid," answered Viola in a weak voice, "that I'm fading away. I never should have come with you, Candy Cherry, for I'm only a flower, after all, and flowers can't play as Candy children can."

"Oh, dear!" mourned Candy Cherry. He was ready to cry at the thought of his dear little play-fellow wilting like this. Then he said, "I'm going to take you home to my mother, for I guess she can

make you feel better, if anybody can."

"I'll help you," said Johnny Jaw-Breaker. He and Candy Cherry made a chair with their joined hands, and in this way carried the drooping Violet to Candytown, while the rest of the Candy children walked alongside, fanned her, and said encouraging things.

Soon they reached Candy Cherry's house, and his mother came to the door. "What's this?" she exclaimed. "A Violet? You ought to be ashamed, children. Don't you know you are too active to play with a delicate Violet? You should never have taken her from her plant."

"But she wanted to come," said Candy Cherry. "Can't you give her something to make her better, mother?"

Mrs. Cherry took Viola in her arms. "If she were one of my children," she said, feeling her pulse. "I should give her a hot syrup bath, which is very strengthening. But I don't know how it would agree with a Violet."

"Please try it," said Viola faintly. "Nothing could make me any worse than I am now, and it might make me better."

Mrs. Cherry took her at her word. She gave her a nice, hot syrup bath, and what do you suppose? When Viola came out of it she was no longer a faded field Violet, but a nice, fresh Candy Violet, as strong and well as any of the Candy children. The field Violets, her relatives, have long since faded from their plants, but Viola is still alive and enjoying life with her friends in Candytown.

SPINNER-SPIDERS' MOVING TIME

In a dark little nook, not very far from the ground, an honest old spider and his wife had taken up housekeeping. Their family had grown up and gone away, hard times had come upon the old couple, flies were getting scarcer and scarcer and poor Mrs. Spinner and her husband were growing thinner every day. On all sides there were cries of "Swat the fly!" The house-maid, the children, even the dog, were taught to catch flies, and never a one was left in the house.

"I'm sure I don't know what is to become of us," sighed Mrs. Spinner, as she dusted the cobweb one morning. "Life is becoming a burden with all this business of hygiene and sterilization. Even Buster, the watch dog, has no peace. He says his kennel is unbearable; the bones that he hid under the straw were raked out, and some awful smelling stuff that took his breath away was sprinkled all over the floor. He told Peter, the dog next door, that he had a good mind to run away. Now they are saying that flies breed disease and poison people. Look at us and our children, who were brought up on nothing else! A finer, healthier family than mine was never known. Flies poisonous, indeed! What nonsense!" and she gave her duster an extra flick that shook old Spinner, who was rolled up in a ball hanging at the end of a long, silken thread, fast asleep.

At that moment there was a gentle movement of the web curtains, and in walked Mrs. Longlegs with a bundle of flies' legs and wings tucked under her arm. She had heard of the Spinners' sad plight and, indeed, she and Daddy, a few

weeks before they moved, were in a similar condition, but since they had gone to live under the piazza they were catching more flies than they could use at their own table, so she had brought some choice tit-bits to her friend. At the same time she advised Mrs. Spinner to move to

more congenial quarters, where both air and flies were abundant, build a large, roomy tent and have three good, square meals a day. At the mention of square meals Mr. Spinner started from his sleep, began to unroll himself, and almost fell into Mrs. Longlegs' lap. When he saw

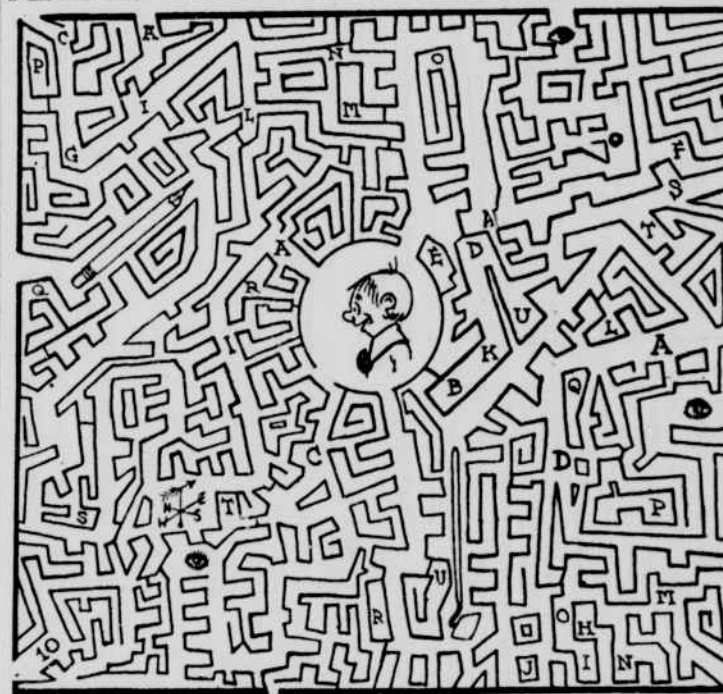
the bundle of food she had brought he pinched himself to make sure that it was real, as of late he had seen flies only in his dreams.

Mrs. Spinner laid the table and the three sat down to a feast. While they were enjoying it they talked of things in general, and especially of the new fangled notions concerning fly killing, sterilizing dog kennels, door handles, buttonhooks and thimbles. At last it was time for Mrs. Longlegs to go home, and after embracing Mrs. Spinner she took her departure, promising to return next day to help in the moving. Mrs. Longlegs peered carefully out before emerging from the web. She fancied she heard some buzzing. There, sure enough, was the house-maid, flourishing a patent fly swatter, guaranteed to catch fifty flies a second, exclaiming impatiently: "Those flies! This is the second time to-day I have found one in this room."

Mrs. Longlegs waited until there was a chance to escape. Soon all was quiet; she clambered through the open window, ran quickly down the vine and reached home just as Daddy was putting the finishing touches to the interior decorations of their new mansion. That same night, over a dish of mosquito wings, they talked of the famished Spinner family. "It is our duty," said Mrs. Longlegs, "to help our unfortunate neighbors, and first thing to-morrow morning I am going to find a cozy corner for them down here."

"Right you are, my dear," said Daddy, as he dropped on to the new silken couch spun that very day, and now used for the first time.

IN A MAZE



This little boy has arrived at the centre of the maze, and on his way he met several letters and objects. By taking the letters and names of objects in the order he found them he discovered that they form the names of four states. See how many ways there are to reach the centre of the maze, and also find the names of the four states the little boy met.

From Our Young Authors and Artists

Caught in a Shower

By ELEANOR METTLER, Aged 10.

Rose Howard was six years old. One day she went to visit one of her little friends, and they played house with their dolls. For their dinner they had clam chowder and oyster crackers, and fruit for dessert. Then they played until it was time for Rose to go home. She had just started when it began to rain. Rose ran as fast as she could. When she was nearly half way home her mother met her with her raincoat and rubbers. Pretty soon they reached home. She did not get very wet, as it was not raining hard.

Searching for His Breakfast

By WARREN E. GILSON, Aged 10.

One bright morning two hay wagons were going down the road, followed by a large greyhound. He was running underneath one of the wagons, looking at a box of chickens that had been nailed to the wagon. He would poke his wet nose up against the slats, and a large rooster would peck at it every time he did this.

The dog wanted his breakfast very much and he was determined to have chicken. But the chicken was determined to live a little longer, and soon the disappointed dog went away with a bruised nose and no breakfast.

Monarch Butterfly

By LILLIAN EICHLER, Aged 14.

I am sure you have all seen the "Monarch" butterfly, whether you recognize the name or not. It is a brightly colored butterfly—yellow, black and white.

Have you ever rubbed your finger over the wing of a butterfly, and did you notice that your finger became colored and the wing had a transparent spot on it? This is due to the fact that the butterfly is covered with tiny colored scales. Under the microscope these scales resemble shingles on a roof, overlapping each other. They are

fastened to the wings or membrane by tiny stems, but a slight rub dislodges them.

The "Monarch" butterfly consists of three principal parts—the head, thorax and abdomen. Long, slender feelers, called antennae, are attached to the top of the head. A "sucking tube," called the proboscis, projects from under-

neath the head. It is used by the butterfly to suck up nectar from the flowers. When not in use, the proboscis is curled up underneath the head.

The feet (three pairs) and the wings (two pairs) are attached to the thorax. The feet are long, slender and weak, and are therefore not well adapted to walking. The wings, whose veins are

strong and rigid, carry the insect from place to place.

Projecting from each side of the head are two short and hairy appendages, called the labial palps. When the butterfly visits flowers in search of nectar the pollen sticks to these hairy labial palps and is taken to some other flower. In this way cross-pollination occurs, resulting in the formation of seeds, which develop into new plants, which bear new flowers—and so the work of reproduction continues.

So you see the butterfly really helps to create the flowers that grow in your garden.

Dame Fashion

By JULIA MAHONEY, Aged 12.

There is some one known as Dame Fashion. And servants to her are we; We wear whatever she gives us, No matter what it be.

If it be hoopskirt or hobble, If it be high waist or low, Ladies wear whatever she tells them, For they're her servants, you know.

If it be soft shirt and collar, If it be trousers of white, Men wear them and wear them and wear them.

Why? Because Fashion rules them with all her might. Now, don't say, "I'm not Dame Fashion's."

What I wear is oldest style." Ah, Dame Fashion lived forever; What you wear was once the latest style.

So what's the good of trying to shun her? For, do whatever we may, We'll always Dame Fashion's, And be hers night and day.

STARS

By ALICE CAMPBELL, Aged 11. Oh! little stars up in the sky, You look so pretty overhead, Do you ever drop down from the sky? You look like little golden daisies way up high.

A KITCHEN CABINET

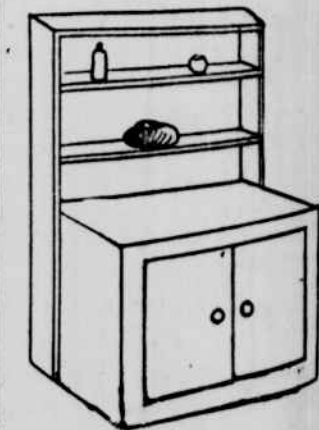
WOULDN'T you like to have a kitchen cabinet for your doll house? You can easily make one like the one pictured here. One little box two inches wide, three inches long and about three inches deep will be all that is needed.

The cover of the box makes the back. The shelves can be made by pasting short pasteboard strips against the inside of the cover for other strips to rest on. The lower part is made by cutting the box in halves and pasting one of the halves against the lower part of the cover.

You can outline a panel on top to represent a door or drawers, whichever you think will look best. Or you can actually cut doors with a sharp penknife that will swing ajar.

To complete the cabinet paste

tiny paper plates on the shelves or set tiny dishes on them. You can put fringed paper on the shelves and cover the top of the dresser with a linen doily to make it look neat.



HOLIDAY AND WORK-A-DAY

"Oh, why are we wearing these gowns so gay?"

The little leaves eagerly asked one day;

"You're yellow and red," the mother tree said,

"Because you are ready to fly away."

"Your holiday dresses you've donned," said she,

And soon you'll be merry as you can be.

But ah, when you go, I'll miss you all so—

When autumn winds take you away from me!"

"But you and your branches wear only gray!"

"Oh, we have no time for a holiday—

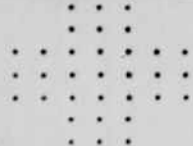
We've work-a-day clothes—Oh, now the wind blows!

Goodby, little leaves! It is Nature's way."

PUZZLE CORNER

Puzzles.

CROSS OF SQUARES.



rhinoceros concealed in the following story. While pulling out weeds in the garden, I met queer old Pop Linden. We sat in a barrow while he talked sadly, but in a manner so comical I could not help laughing. "I had not much. All is lost now, Eric," repeated the old fellow. "There remains only the worst edition of Scott on my shelves, and of that utensil known as a cup I question whether I have one. I would rather be hanging hams on hooks like you."

Answers.

AUTUMN PUZZLE.

October. Words to fill the blank: bOw, Chilly, frost, crOps, Blasts, embEre, hasRth.

CHARADE.

Ans: er: Pop-u-late.

HIDDEN FABRICS.

Find thirteen different dress mate-



M. Manito sent us this picture which he drew himself. Don't you think it is good?